Abate thy houres, shine comforts, from the east;
That I may backe to *Athens*, by day light,
From these that my poore company detest:
And sleepe, that sometimes shuts vp sorrowes eye,
Steale mee a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*
Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp fower.
Heare shee comes, curst and sadde.
Cupid is a knauish ladde,
Thus to make poore females madde.
Her. Neuer so weary, neuer so in woe,
Bedabbled with the deaw, and torne with briers:
I can no further crawle, no further goe:
My legges can keepe no pase with my desires,
Here will I rest mee, till the breake of day:
Heauens shielde *Lysander*, if they meane a fray.
Rob. On the ground, sleepe sound:
Ile apply your eye, gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
True delight, in the sight, of thy former ladies eye:
And the country prouerbe knowne,
That euery man should take his owne,
In your waking shall be shown,
Iacke shall haue *Ill*: nought shall goe ill:
The man shall haue his mare again, & all shall be well.
Enter Queene of Faieries, *and Clowne, and* Faieries: *and the king behinde them.*
Tita. Come sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And stick musk roses in thy sleeke smooth head,
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.
Clown. Where's *Pease-blossome?*
Pea. Ready.
Clow. Scratch my heade, *Pease-blossome.* Wher's Mounsieur *Cobweb?* *Cob.* Ready.

Clo.

Clo. Mounsieur *Cobweb*, good Mounsieur, get you yo
weapons in your hand, and kill me a red hipt Humble Be
on the toppe of a thistle: and good Mounsieur, bring m
the hony bagge. Doe not fret your selfe too much, in t
action, Mounsieur: and good Mounsieur haue a care, t
honybagge breake not, I wold be loath to haue you ouer
flowen with a honibag *signior*. Where's Mounsieur *Mu*
tardseede?
Must. Readie.
Clo. Giue me your neafe, Mounsieur *Mustardseede*. Pra
you, leaue your curtsie, good Mounsieur.
Must. what's your will?
Clo. Nothing good Mounsieur, but to helpe Cauale
Cobwebbe, to scratch. I must to the Barbers, Mounsieu
For me thinkes I am marualies hairy about the face. And
am such a tender Asse, if my haire doe but tickle mee,
must scratch.
Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musique, my swee
loue?
Clo. I haue a reasonable good eare in musique. Le
haue the tongs, and the bones.
Tyta. Or, say sweete loue, what thou desirest to eate.
Clo. Truely a pecke of prouander. I could mounch you
good dry Oates. Me thinkes, I haue a great desire to a bo
tle of hay. Good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow. (hoor
Ty. I haue a venturous Fairy, that shall seeke the Squiri
And fetch thee newe nuts.
Clo. I had rather haue a handfull, or two of dryed pea
But, I pray you: let none of your people stirre me: I haue a
exposition of sleepe come vpon mee.
Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes.
Faieries be gon, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweete Honisuckle,
Gently entwist: the female Iuy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.